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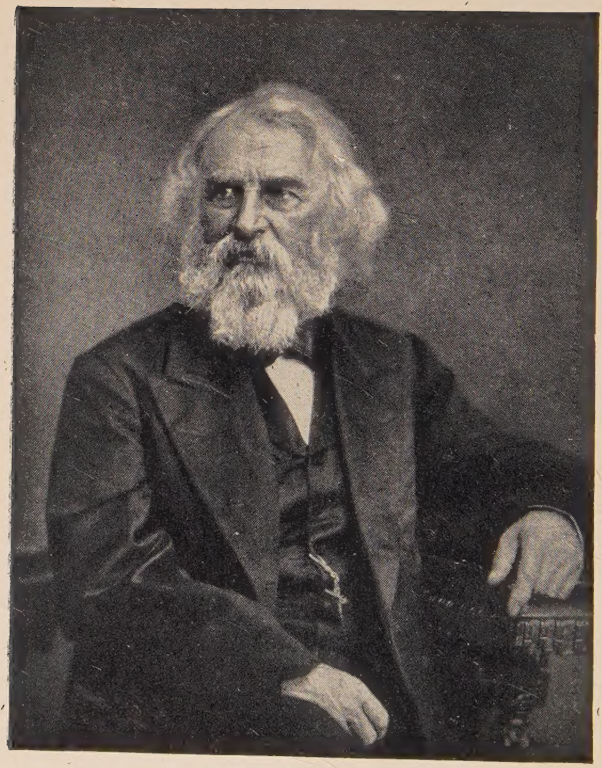
EVANGELINE
LONGFELLOW



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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Merrill's English Texts

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION PAGE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 5
The Writing of Evangeline 7
Critical Opinions 8
The Historical Basis of the Poem 10
Suggestions for Study 12
Map of the "Evangeline" Country 16

EVANGELINE 17

ANALYSIS OF EVANGELINE 113

EXERCISES 116

NOTES 127

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INTRODUCTION

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, was born at Portland, Maine, February 27th, 1807. Like Emerson and Hawthorne, he was a quiet boy, fond of books, and averse to taking part in the sports of his schoolfellows. His nerves shrank from all loud noises. There is a tradition of his having begged a servant on a glorious Fourth of July to put cotton in his ears to deaden the roar of the cannon, and in later life one of his book-plates bore the motto "Non Clamor, sed Amor."

At the age of fifteen this shy, studious lad was sent to Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, after Portland Academy had taught him all it knew. He came prepared to make the most of his opportunities, and after four years of hard work graduated with distinction, and with the promise of a professorship after a year of travel had broadened his mental horizon.

The next summer found Longfellow at Paris with all Europe before him. He wandered through England, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, and Spain, everywhere studying the languages, and absorbing the rich associations of foreign places. His impressions of what he saw were in later years embodied in the prose works *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*. On his return he at once assumed the duties of his professorship, finding little time for literature. In 1831 he married an acquaintance of former years, Mary Storer Poller, with whom he lived most happily until her premature death in 1835. In 1834 a pleasant surprise came in the shape of an offer of the Chair of Modern Languages at Harvard, an offer which Longfellow was only too glad to accept. The new professor's official duties were light, and he had leisure for the literary pursuits which had ever been his delight. *Hyperion*, a romance in two volumes and *The Voices of the*

Night, a volume of poems containing "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "The Psalm of Life," were published in 1839. Two years later appeared *Ballads and Other Poems*, containing "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Excelsior"; and in the following year *Poems on Slavery*. This quiet life of work was interrupted in 1842 by a visit to Dickens in London, but speedily resumed. In July, 1843, Longfellow married his second wife, Miss Appleton, whose acquaintance he had made for the first time during his Swiss tour.

Longfellow's ambition was to be the national poet of America. His poems had been criticized as having no trace of Americanism. This criticism led to the writing of three long poems, distinctively American in subject and treatment. These were *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. It is not to be understood that Longfellow's fame rested on these American poems alone: he had already written a quantity of poetry which had established his reputation as a poet, but it was on these that he based his claim to be considered the national poet of America.

In 1854, after about eighteen years of academic work, Longfellow felt warranted in resigning his Harvard professorship, to be free for purely literary pursuits. His home at Cambridge was the Craigie House, which could boast of having once been the headquarters of Washington. Here, surrounded by a brilliant circle of friends, he lived in all the flush of a happy, successful life until 1861—that fatal year—when his peace was invaded by a frightful calamity: Mrs. Longfellow, while playing with her children, set fire to her dress, and was mortally injured by the flames. The poet never recovered from the shock of this bereavement, although he continued his work with unabated vigor until the time of his death in March, 1882.

After Tennyson, Longfellow has been the most popular poet of his day. Some critics have said that had Tennyson never written the *Idylls*, or *In Memoriam*, his inferiority to Longfellow would have been manifest, but the power displayed in these high realms of poetry was quite beyond Longfellow's reach. His range is domestic. He lacks the power of depicting deep passion, or of robing purely imaginative subjects with ideal grace and color. The forces necessary

to the execution of an heroic poem are not his, but on the other hand, in such a description of quiet love and devoted patience as he gives us in *Evangeline*, Longfellow may be ranked with the greatest of poets.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF LONGFELLOW

Coplas de Manrique	1833	Flower-De-Luce	1867
Outre-Mer	1835	Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri	1867–70
Hyperion	1839	New England Tragedies	1868
Voices of the Night	1839	Divine Tragedy	1871
Ballads and other Poems	1841	Three Books of Song	1872
Poems on Slavery	1842	Christus	1872
Spanish Student	1843	Aftermath	1873
Poets and Poetry of Europe	1845	Hanging of the Crane	1874
Belfry of Bruges	1846	Masque of Pandora	1875
Evangeline	1847	Kéramos	1878
Kavanagh	1849	Ultima Thule	1880
Seaside and the Fireside	1850	In the Harbor [Ultima Thule, Pt. II]	1882
Golden Legend	1851	Michael Angelo	1884
Hiawatha	1855		
Miles Standish	1858		
Tales of a Wayside Inn	1863		

THE WRITING OF EVANGELINE

At the time when Longfellow was looking for a subject for a poem which should be truly American in spirit, his friend Nathaniel Hawthorne dined at Craigie House, bringing with him a clergyman. In the course of conversation, the clergyman repeated a story which he said he had been vainly trying to persuade Hawthorne to use as a subject for a romance. The story he told was the tale of a young Acadian girl who had been exiled with the other Acadians in 1755. In the embarkation she had been separated from her lover and after coming to the American colonies, wandered from place to place in

a hopeless search for him. At last, weary and old, she found him dying in a hospital.

Hawthorne still insisted that he could not use the subject. Longfellow, however, was interested at once. To him the story appealed strongly as a subject for a poem. Hawthorne and the clergyman gladly gave him permission to use the tale, and he set to work to collect material.

The story in its original form was very slight. Longfellow gathered historical material from Haliburton's *Nova Scotia* and many other books. After all the facts had been collected, he again offered the subject to Hawthorne, but Hawthorne refused to be interested, and Longfellow felt free to develop the story as he chose.

To the meagre details of the original story, Longfellow added the description of the little village of Grand Pré. The picture which he draws of the peace and beauty of the tiny village and the simple happiness of the people, makes the tragedy of exile and separation more bitter. The contrast between this quiet contentment and the wild forests and vast plains over which Evangeline wandered is as great as the contrast between her early happiness and her years of anxious searching.

The description of the great rivers, forests, and prairies of the new continent gave Longfellow an opportunity to make the poem more truly American than any of his previous work. Always, however, the descriptions are only a background for the simplicity, beauty, and tragedy of the love story.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

The sweetness, the gentleness, the grace, the purity, the humanity of his verse were the image of his own soul.—Charles Eliot Norton.

Longfellow is the poet of the household, of the fireside, of the universal home feeling. The infinite tenderness and patience, the pathos and the beauty of daily life, of familiar emotion, and the common scene—these are the significance of that verse whose beautiful and simple melody, softly murmuring for more than forty years, made

the singer the most widely beloved of living men.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

In sentiment, in perception, in culture, in selection, in utterance, he represents, with adequate and even influential but not overwhelming force, the tendencies and adaptabilities of the time; he is a good type of the "bettermost," not the exceptionally very best, minds of the central or later-central period of the nineteenth century; and, having the gift of persuasive speech and accomplished art, he can enlist the sympathies of readers who approach his own level of intelligence, and can dominate a numberless multitude of those who belong to lower planes, but who share none the less his own general conceptions and aspirations.

Evangeline, whatever may be its shortcomings and blemishes, takes so powerful a hold of the feelings that the fate which would at last merge it in oblivion could only be a very hard and even a perverse one. Who that has read it has forgotten it? Or in whose memory does it rest as other than a long-drawn sweetness and sadness that has become a portion, and a purifying portion, of the experiences of the heart?—WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

That he could be and generally was much the reverse of commonplace, will hardly be denied by any one who has made a real study of his work. He had a keen observation, a vivid fancy, a scholarlike touch, and a seemingly easy command of rhyme and rhythm, and it may be said as a general rule, that when Longfellow was commonplace in sentiment he was far from commonplace in expression. His verse was full of grace, and, if one may use the word in this connection, of tact. Nor, perhaps, is it fair to leave out of account that Longfellow began his poetic career as the poet—the poet *par excellence*—of a country which had its literature to make. . . . His position as the spokesman in poetry of a young country had its advantages and its drawbacks. He was more free from the disadvantages of critical severity and opposition than an English writer could well have been; but such a freedom has its dangers, and to this it might not be too fanciful to trace the lapses of which some mention has been made.—*London Saturday Review*.

Longfellow has a perfect command of that expression which results

from restraining rather than cultivating fluency; and his manner is adapted to his theme. His words are often pictures of his thought. He selects with great delicacy and precision the exact phrase which best expresses or suggests his idea. He colors his style with the skill of a painter. His imagination, in the sphere of its activity, is almost perfect in its power to shape in visible forms, or to suggest, by cunning verbal combinations, the feeling or thought he desires to express; but it lacks the strength and daring, and the wide sweep, which characterize the imagination of such poets as Shelley.—E. P. Whipple.

Longfellow's poetry expresses the finer life of common humanity. No poet of English speech has so endeared himself to the general heart; he is the people's poet, voicing universal sentiments. Beauty, grace and tenderness are the marks of his power; he is never passionate, Byronic, or Browningesque. He was as sensitive to beauty as Keats, and his workmanship, directed by unerring taste and a delicate perception of harmonies, is uniformly excellent. The style is as clear as crystal, and the melody never marred by discords. There is none of Whittier's impetuous rush, or of Lowell's pungent humor. The limitations of his poetry are obvious; but so to treat the commonplace as to make it eternally interesting and beautiful, to immortalize a "village blacksmith" in song, requires a high, if not the highest, order of genius.—Julian W. Abernethy.

THE HISTORICAL BASIS OF THE POEM

In 1755 Novia Scotia—or Acadia—which for more than thirty years had been nominally a British province, was inhabited by some thousands of French colonists, who were exempt from military service under France, and were termed "French Neutrals." Their real sympathies lay with the land of their birth, not with the Government under whose half-contemptuous protection they lived. In Europe, commissioners had for some time been trying to settle a satisfactory boundary between New France and Nova Scotia, when matters were brought to a crisis by the French in America, who erected two forts on a neck of land at the head of the Bay of Fundy.

Massachusetts—this was before the Revolution, be it remembered—sent out three thousand men to capture these forts, and the thing was done. In the garrisons were found three hundred of the Neutrals, and therefore the Acadians were held condemned as rebels against the English Crown. What was to be done with them? The governor of Novia Scotia, the Chief Justice of the province, and two British admirals, met in council in July, and resolved that the entire population must be cleared out of that part of the country, and this deportation was to be carried out in such a way as to disperse the captives among the English of the other provinces. Of course it was not easy to execute an edict like this upon a widely-scattered population; but stratagem prevailed with these simple people, who had lived peacefully for two hundred years in this land, feeding sheep and tilling the soil rudely. Governor Lawrence issued a proclamation ordering all the males of the colony, "both old and young men, as well as all lads of ten years of age," to assemble at the church of Grand Pré on a certain Friday, to learn His Majesty's pleasure, "on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels in default of real estate." On the Friday appointed, September 5, 1755, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men met within the church. The doors were closed upon them and guarded by soldiers; and then this mandate was read to the snared farmers: "It is His Majesty's orders, and they are peremptory, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live-stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods; and you yourselves are to be removed from this province. I shall do everything in my power that your goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and that this removal be made as easy as His Majesty's service will admit. And I hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. Meanwhile you are the king's prisoners, and will remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honor to command."

Unbroken silence greeted this cruel edict, until after the laps

of a few minutes a moan broke from the stunned Acadians, and their cry of grief was echoed in bewilderment by the anxious women waiting with their children outside. On the 10th of September the inhabitants of Grand Pré—nineteen hundred and twenty in number—were marched to the water's side at the point of the bayonet, and embarked in government ships. In spite of some show of care on the part of the authorities, many parents were separated from their families and driven into different vessels; husbands and wives lost each other, and maidens parted from their lovers forever. The vessels were not able to accommodate all the emigrants, so some of these remained till fresh transports carried them away from their homes in cheerless December; and then Acadia was left desolate, and the Acadians never gathered together again. Small knots of the wanderers settled, and have left descendants, at Clare, at Minudie, in parts of Prince Edward's Island, and on the north coast of New Brunswick.—From ROBERTSON'S *Life of Longfellow.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

In studying *Evangeline* for the first time, the pupils should read it aloud, trying to observe the metrical accent, yet not emphasizing it so much as to produce a disagreeable sing-song effect. The teacher will find it helpful to her class if she will write out the scansion of a few verses of the poem upon the blackboard, and have the class repeat them with her. In doing this, she should see that each pupil reads in a good conversational tone. The first reading of the poem should be done in the class. After a portion of it has been read, the teacher may call on some pupil to repeat the thought in his own words; this will aid in getting a good understanding and appreciation of the story.

The second reading of the poem is to be done by the pupils themselves. At this time the analysis on pages 113-115 may be studied, the topics and subtopics verified, and the outline completed. Now the pupil is prepared for a critical study of the poem and for practice in both written and oral composition work based upon its subject-matter.

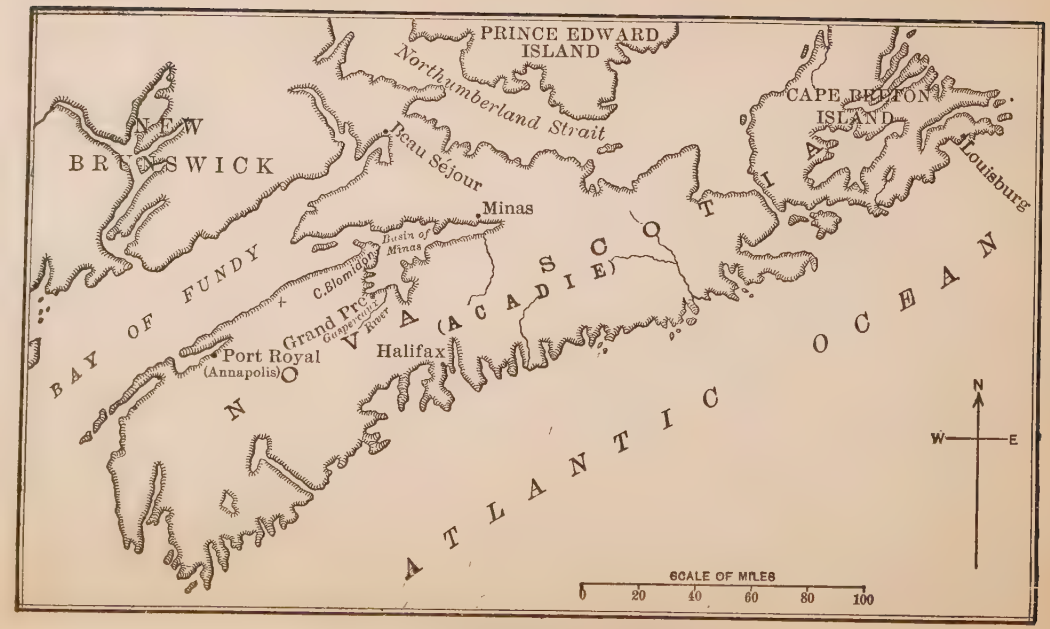
The best results may be obtained by frequent practice in writing during a period of from fifteen to twenty minutes, allowing the pupils five minutes in which to review and correct their own themes. Before the final corrections are made by the teacher, some of the essays may be copied upon the blackboard for revision by the class. When rightly conducted, this is a most valuable exercise.

In all their writing, pupils should observe the following directions: (1) They should not use the same word continuously in the same paragraph unless a synonym for it cannot be found, or no other expression can be put in its place. (2) They should exercise the greatest care in observing the rules for punctuation. Equal diligence should be shown in the use of capital letters. (3) In all their writing they should be original. They should not copy the poem, but use their own words and expressions. To copy the poem is to spoil both the poem and their own productions.

Each pupil should have a blank-book in which to copy all of his corrected themes. The pages of the book should be numbered, and a table of contents made so that any story may be turned to readily. Pupils should be frequently called upon to read aloud from this book and from the poem, and while doing so should be required to take a position in front of the class.

Equal care should be exercised in conducting the oral composition work. Pupils should be taught to use complete sentences, and to express their thoughts in a logical manner.

EVANGELINE
A TALE OF ACADIE



THE "EVANGELINE" COUNTRY

EVANGELINE

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and pro-
phetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on
their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-
boring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest.
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts
that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland
the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of
Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the
woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an
image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers
forever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-fields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the home of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-
smith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured
of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and
nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the
people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister, and Father
Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught
them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the
church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson
completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the
blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes
to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a
plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the
tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cin-
ders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gather-
ing darkness

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings.
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forests, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-trees the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.
Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair; and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm chair

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendly purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statute of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie.

Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.
Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuver,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.
Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said,"O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder and whispered—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.
But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.

"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.
Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses,
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say: "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly—"I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley;
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only:
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness somber with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders,
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cotes.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering
the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious
waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs
of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-
air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of an-
cient cathedrals.
Death like the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by
the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at
sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed
on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-
taining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through
chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistict, and strange were all things
around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder
and sadness—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be
compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.
Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsman,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.
Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat-men.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hèdges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.
Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest—"O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added—"Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."
And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird, and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cotes were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine

Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with a tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not, and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said—"If you come by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent—
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe as he said it—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals,

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herd run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, land may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer: —
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors;
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;

While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measurless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and the fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried—"O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See, that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet that day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country,
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions.
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweetwater Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright wth luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,

Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire

Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the Magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Comanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incanation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the somber leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered—

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive—
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell. Evangeline went from the Mission
Then over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities,
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger:
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and far we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he had not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in a meadow,

So death flooded life, and o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless;
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—
Now the city surrounds it; but still with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with a light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the nighttime;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over,
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.
All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow.

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed;
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!
Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom;
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

ANALYSIS OF EVANGELINE

PART I

Introduction

	LINES
(*a*) The primeval forest	1–8
(*b*) Traditions of Grand Pré	9–15
(*c*) The poet introduces his theme	16–19

I. The Acadian Land

(*a*) The description of Grand Pré	20–57
(*b*) Benedict Bellefontaine	58–64
(*c*) Evangeline	65–81
(*d*) Evangeline's home	82–102
(*e*) Evangeline's suitors	103–118
(*f*) The childhood of Evangeline and Gabriel	119–139
(*g*) Their manhood and womanhood	140–147

II. Autumn in Acadia

(*a*) The advent of Autumn	148–158
(*b*) The Summer of All-Saints	159–170
(*c*) The flocks and herds	171–198
(*d*) Evangeline and her father at home	199–217
(*e*) The visit of Basil and Gabriel	218–267

III. Incidents at the Interview Between Basil and the Notary

(*a*) René Leblanc, the notary public	268–287
(*b*) The argument	288–300
(*c*) The notary's story and its effect	301–329

LINES

(*d*) Evangeline's betrothal 330–344
(*e*) The gamè of checkers 345–352
(*f*) The departure of the guests 353–357
(*g*) Evangeline retires 358–381

IV. The Assembling of the People

(*a*)
(*b*)
(*c*)
(*d*)
(*e*)
(*f*)
(*g*)

(Re-read carefully lines 382–523, and arrange the sub-topics under these headings after the manner indicated above.)

V. Scenes at the Embarkation

(*a*) The gathering on the shore 524–552
(*b*) Evangeline comforts Gabriel and her father 553–567
(*c*) The night camp of the exiles 568–612
(*d*) The burning of Grand Pré 613–635
(*e*) The death and burial of Benedict Bellefontaine 636–660
(*f*) The departure of the exiles 661–665

PART II

I. Evangeline's Search for Gabriel Begun

(*a*)
(*b*)
(*c*)
(*d*)
(*e*)

(Re-read lines 666–740, and arrange the sub-topics so that they may be as brief and full of meaning as possible.)

II. Evangeline and the Exiles on the Mississippi

(*a*) The Acadian boatmen 741–750
(*b*) The journey and its forebodings 751–784

	LINES
(*c*) Evangeline's vision, the bugle	785–799
(*d*) While Evangeline slept	800–841
(*e*) Evangeline's dream	842–862
(*f*) Continuation of the journey	863–887

III. Reunion at the Home of Basil the Herdsman

(Re-read lines 888–1077 and arrange the sub-topics. Use your own judgment as to the number and their selection. Should anything be added to the *main* topic?)

IV. The Search Continued

(*a*) The western land	1078–1105
(*b*) Old camp-fires	1106–1115
(*c*) The interview with the Shawnee woman	1116–1164
(*d*) The visit to the mission	1165–1206
(*e*) The lesson of "faith"	1207–1226
(*f*) Evangeline's visit to the Michigan frontier	1227–1238
(*g*) Long years of search for Gabriel	1239–1251

V

(1) What is topic V?

(2) Re-read lines 1252–1399 and arrange the sub-topics as in III above.)

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1. Review again the entire poem with a copy of the complete outline in hand, and make any necessary revisions of the topics in the above analysis.

2. Familiarize yourself with the outline so that you may be able to tell the class the complete story of Evangeline.

EXERCISES

Assignment 1

Oral Recitation

(*a*) Repeat from memory those lines of the introduction which give the theme of the poem.

(*b*) What other poem can you name which has similar introductory lines?

(*c*) Read the introduction and omit these lines. How does the poem lose interest for you?

(*d*) How should you make known in the introductory paragraph the meaning you are to set forth in your own composition?

(*e*) Why are "*murmuring pines*" compared to "*Druids*"? Ask your teacher to explain this figure of speech to you.

(*f*) Vocabulary.—Look up in the dictionary and report to the class the meaning of the following words: *primeval* (1); *harpers hoar* (4); *thatch-roofed* (9); *waste* (12); *tradition* (15).

Assignment 2

Oral Composition

(*a*) Find out a few historical and geographical facts about the Acadian Land and make a report to the class. Study pages 10-11, also the map on 16. Read accounts in the encyclopedia.

(*b*) Read lines 20–31. What picture is brought before your mind? Name any cities or villages of to-day that are similarly situated.

(*c*) Continue your reading as far as line 51. What and how many additions have you to make to your picture?

(*d*) If you were to draw a picture of Grand Pré as it seems to you, how would Longfellow's description be of assistance to you?

(*e*) Look at some picture on the walls of your school-room. If you were to write a description of it, what general idea would you try to express before taking up the details?

(*f*) Vocabulary.—Look up in the dictionary or elsewhere and report to the class the meaning of the following words: *incessant* (24);

turbulent (25); *Blomidon* (29); *dormer-windows* (35); *kirtles* (39); *reverend* (45).

Assignment 3

Written Compositions

(*a*) Write in one paragraph of about 75 words a description of the village of Grand Pré.

(*b*) In two paragraphs of about 75 words each, describe Evangeline's home. First select your topic sentences.

(*c*) Write in two paragraphs, containing at least 150 words, an account of Evangeline's suitors. Let paragraph (1) give a general idea of her suitors, and (2) an account of her particular suitor Gabriel.

(*d*) In one paragraph of about 100 words describe the childhood of Evangeline and Gabriel.

Suggestions

In this and in all of the following exercises, after finishing your writing, spend about five minutes in looking over what you have written. (1) Correct all misspelled words. (2) Insert omitted words and strike out all unnecessary words, phrases, clauses, and sentences, rewriting if necessary. (3) See to it that every sentence is so written that it cannot be misunderstood.

Assignment 4

Oral Compositions

(*a*) Tell the class in three or four carefully thought out sentences why the author describes with so much care Evangeline's home and its surroundings.

(*b*) Similarly tell why he gives such a vivid picture of autumn in Grand Pré.

(*c*) Tell the class all that you have learned about Evangeline from reading the first two chapters. Why is your interest in her increas-

ing? What resemblance do the scenes of country life pictured here bear to those of to-day?

(*d*) Vocabulary.—Look up in the dictionary the meaning of the following words and report to the class: *Jacob* (153); *stragglers* (183); *regent* (184); *cadence* (193); *fantastic* (202); *hob-nailed* (220); *settle* (223); *ballad* (231); *mandate* (240).

Written Compositions

(*a*) Write two paragraphs of about 100 words each giving a description of Autumn in Acadia. Topics: (1) How all nature appeared. (2) How the flocks and herds behaved.

(*b*) Imagine that you have been paying a visit to the home of Evangeline, as described in lines 199–217. Write a letter of about 150 words to your friend describing what you saw there. Choose topics as in (*a*), and see that your letter has the proper heading, salutation, and conclusion.

(*c*) Let Gabriel tell of his visit to Evangeline (lines 218–267) and incidentally relate the conversation that took place between his father and Benedict Bellefontaine.

Suggestions

In writing a friendly letter, it is usually considered more courteous not to begin by telling about yourself. Let your first paragraph refer to the last letter received from your friend, or to a delightful visit. Always write to please your correspondent rather than yourself.

Assignment 6

Oral Recitation

(*a*) What new character do we now meet (line 268)? This is the author's best character sketch. Notice how briefly yet precisely it is done. General idea: (1) Bent, not broken, by age Particular ideas: (1) Shocks of yellow hair, (2) high forehead, (3) spectacles astride his nose, (4) wise in looks, (5) ripe in wisdom, (6) patient,

simple, and childlike, (7) loved by all. You may draw a picture of him as he appears to you and bring it to the class.

(*b*) Does the notary's story prove his point that "finally justice triumphs"? Why did not this story convince Basil?

(*c*) Be prepared to report to the class the *similes* and *metaphors* found in this section.

(*d*) VOCABULARY.—Look up the meaning of the following words and report to the class: *supernal* (272); *warier* (277); *lore* (287); *demeanor* (292); *Port Royal* (303); *bolts* (321); *magpie* (324); *congealed* (328); *tankard* (331); *draught-board* (344).

ASSIGNMENT 7

Written Composition

(*a*) Do you know of any one who bears a resemblance to the notary public as you see him? If so, write a paragraph to show wherein the two personages differ.

(*b*) Write in your own language the notary's story. (1) Use the third person and past tense. (2) Make a topical outline before you begin. In all of your writing never neglect to do this.

(*c*) Let Evangeline tell the complete story of her betrothal to Gabriel. (1) Be sure to employ the proper person and number of the pronoun. (2) Arrange the proper outline, as in (*b*).

Suggestions

Unless otherwise directed, in reproducing the thought contained in what some one else has written, a safe rule to follow is to use the past tense. By so doing you will not fall into the common error of shifting in a heedless manner from one tense to the other.

ASSIGNMENT 8

Oral Composition

(*a*) Tell the class in what respects you think life in Acadia differed from that of to-day.

(*b*) Tell the class why hospitality was greater under Benedict's roof. There are several reasons.

(*c*) Explain in detail what is meant by (1) a betrothal contract, (2) a betrothal feast.

(*d*) What change of feeling is brought about by Chapter IV of the poem? Contrast the two scenes which bring about this change.

(*e*) How does this change of feeling help to sustain our interest in the poem?

(*f*) What did the mandate bid these people forfeit to the crown? With what words may you describe their feelings?

(*g*) Contrast the impassioned utterances of Basil with the cool and considerate remarks of Father Felician.

(*h*) Recite from memory lines 467–481.

(*i*) VOCABULARY.—Look up and report to the class the meaning of the following words: *hamlets* (387); *blithe* (388); *jocund* (389); *sonorous* (420); *dissonant* (426); *imprecations* (451); *spar* (454); *allegiance* (456); *mien* (462); *tocsin* (466); *Prince of Peace* (472); *contrition* (480); *Elijah* (486); *Sinai* (507).

ASSIGNMENT 9

Written Composition

(*a*) Write a paragraph of about 100 words describing the social life of the Acadians.

(*b*) Imagine yourself a witness to what took place at the reading of the mandate. Write up these occurrences in the form of a news story for the daily paper. Make as many paragraphs as you think are needed.

(*c*) Write a composition of two paragraphs contrasting the deportation of the Acadians with that of the Belgians in the world war.

Suggestions

A composition is made up of units called paragraphs—groups of sentences which are closely related in thought, and which center around one idea called a topic. See to it, therefore, that every paragraph you construct contains only such sentences as have to do with its topic.

Assignment 10

Oral Recitation

(*a*) How long were the Acadians at the church?

(*b*) What was their attitude on leaving the church for the seashore? Was this natural?

(*c*) Discuss the fortitude of Evangeline, of Gabriel, of Benedict, of Basil, of Father Felician, during these terrible hours.

(*d*) Arrange the characters of this poem according to their relative importance, writing the full name of each.

(*e*) How have your feelings changed since you read the first pages of the poem?

(*f*) Vocabulary.—Look up and report the meaning of the following words: *refluent* (575); *waifs* (577); *leaguer* (579); *nethermost* (582); *wan* (600); *unperturbed* (611); *gleeds* (621); *illumined* (648); *dirges* (660).

Assignment 11

Written Composition

(*a*) Select a paragraph topic, and write a twenty-minute theme on one of the following topics:

1. Evangeline, the "ministering angel."
2. The night camp of the exiles.
3. The burning of Grand Pré.
4. The death and burial of Benedict Bellefontaine.
5. The departure of the exiles.

Suggestions

We have talked about oral and written compositions, and we have seen that each has a definite purpose. The manner in which we use language gives us another classification of discourse; for with it we can tell a story, describe an object, explain a problem, or argue a question. Thus we have narration, description, exposition, and argumentation. In our compositions based upon *Evangeline* we use principally description and narration.

Assignment 12

Oral Recitation

(*a*) Why does the author allow many years to elapse before introducing us to the second part of his theme?

(*b*) Name any book you have read in which there is a similar interval of time. Tell the story to the class briefly.

(*c*) What is suggested as to the probable success of Evangeline's mission by the comparison in lines 689–692?

(*d*) Indicate by lines which portions of Part I. belong to *description* and which to *narration*.

(*e*) Bring to the class a list of proverbial passages chosen from the first five pages of Part II.

(*f*) What new character is introduced here? Why have we an interest in him?

(*g*) Vocabulary.—Look up and report the meaning of the following words: *gods* (668); *asunder* (670); *inarticulate* (669); *tedious* (712); *muse* (733); *devious* (734); *sylvan* (738).

Assignment 13

Written Composition

(*a*) Write a composition two paragraphs in length telling of the wanderings of the Acadian exiles.

(*b*) Write a paragraph stating how Evangeline came to know Baptiste Leblanc.

(*c*) Write another paragraph describing how in Part II Longfellow arouses new interest in his poem.

Suggestions

It will be helpful to you if, as you write the paragraphs in this lesson, you will try to discriminate the kind of discourse you are composing, whether *description*, or *narration*, or *exposition;* then you will be able better to adapt your style of writing to the sense.

Study carefully all the allusions in Evangeline, for they will help you not only in understanding the poem, but also in gaining an appreciation of it.

Assignment 14

Oral Composition

(*a*) Explain to the class how the Acadians, who were so widely scattered, assembled to take the boat down the Mississippi.

(*b*) Picture to the class the scene in lines 752–762.

(*c*) Explain to the class what purpose the author serves in bringing in this incident.

(*d*) Explain to the class what must have been the feelings of the boatmen in the scene in lines 790-799.

(*e*) Contrast the scene in (*d*) with that in lines 864–887. What change of feeling is effected here?

(*f*) Poetry has been defined as the embodiment of passionate emotion in metrical, imaginative language. Do the scenes (*d*) and (*e*) bear out this definition?

(*g*) Vocabulary.—Look up and report to the class the meaning of the following words: *cumbrous* (744); *kith and kin* (749); *turbulent* (753); *chutes* (755); *maze* (767); *tenebrous* (769); *peradventure* (791); *myriads, undulations* (808); *Wachita* (816); *cope* (819); *trumpet-flower* (820); *pendulous* (822); *plaintive* (877).

Assignment 15

Written Composition

(*a*) Let one of the Acadian boatmen give a description of his journey down the Mississsippi (150 words).

(*b*) Let Evangeline relate her dream (150 words).

(*c*) Write from memory the ten lines which you regard as the best in this section. The verses need not follow in succession.

Suggestions

In writing themes such as (*a*) and (*b*), be careful to choose the proper person. Of course in (*a*) you should write in the first person plural, and in (*b*) in the first singular. Be careful to make what you write so vivid that any one can understand it. The proper arrangement of your paragraph topics will aid you much in attaining this quality of style.

ASSIGNMENT 16

Oral Recitation

(*a*) Lines 888–910, picture a scene that has been greatly admired for its repose and quiet. How does the author accomplish this emotional effect?

(*b*) What has kept Father Felician from giving up in despair?

(*c*) Explain how Father Felician gave support and encouragement to Evangeline in her search.

(*d*) What changes of feeling do you find here?

(*e*) VOCABULARY.—Look up and report the following words: *flaunted* (889); *sombrero* (914); *hilarious* (968); *accordant* (1016); *inundate* (1036); *garrulous* (1075).

ASSIGNMENT 17

Written Composition

(*a*) Write two paragraphs, 150 words, contrasting Basil the blacksmith with Basil the herdsman.

(*b*) Write a paragraph of 100 words describing the home of Basil, the herdsman.

(*c*) Report as for a newspaper, in about 150 words, the substance of Basil's speech at the reunion of the exiles.

(*d*) Similarly report what took place at this reunion.

(*e*) From what you have read of Michael, the fiddler, write in 150 words a sketch of his life.

(*f*) Write at least ten memory-passages from this selection.

Suggestions

One great fault in writing is the use of too many words. A good newspaper reporter always condenses his stories to the fewest words possible, yet at the same time he gives a vivid news account to his readers. Try to do the same.

ASSIGNMENT 18

Oral Composition

(*a*) Tell the class why lines 1078–1105 are necessary. Why could not the author have begun with line 1106? Explain fully.

(*b*) What new character appears in this chapter? Tell the class how she increases our interest in the story.

(*c*) Relate briefly the tale of the Mowis. What effect did the tales of the Shawnee woman have on Evangeline?

(*d*) Tell the class of Evangeline's wanderings as related in this chapter.

(*e*) VOCABULARY.—Report the meaning of the followings words: *precipitate* (1084); *amorphas* (1091); *pinions* (1097); *unplacable* (1098); *taciturn, anchorite* (1102); *incantation* (1144); *subtile* (1159); *awarded* (1184); *water-gourd* (1192); *mendicant* (1211); *asphodel, nepenthe* (1226).

ASSIGNMENT 19

Written Composition

(*a*) Write a paragraph of 100 words showing how the western land of Evangeline's time differed from that of to-day.

(*b*) Give an account of the interview with the Shawnee woman. Let Evangeline tell the story (150 words).

(*c*) Describe the visit in the mission.

Suggestions

Do not employ too many superlatives, as "finest," "most magnificent," "grandest," but write just as you would talk. "Be natural in all that you do or say" is a good rule to follow in your composition work.

No exercises have been assigned on the concluding section of the poem because it is believed that an opportunity is offered here for the pupil to do original work in analysis, and also to review the leading characters of the poem and incidentally the poem itself.

Let the pupils gather all that the poet says of any particular character, and make a summary of these details after the manner indicated below. Let us take René Leblanc:

Lines 268–279. The general characteristics of the man.
Lines 280–287. His folk-lore stories.
Lines 292–296. His answer to Basil carries with it no suspicion.
Lines 301–325. He relates the story about Justice to show that right will prevail.
Lines 333–335. Show us his manner.
Lines 711–712. A mention is made of his son, Baptiste Leblanc.
Lines 1260–1261. Old René Leblanc dies in Philadelphia.

These are the facts; now arrange them in a proper outline, and write the character sketch.

Unlike the other themes, these should be written outside of the class, and should be more detailed. A summary as indicated above should be required, because it gives practice in research, and cultivates a habit of accuracy in literary work.

NOTES

Page 17, 3. **Druids of eld.** The Druids were the priests of ancient Britain. They were the supreme power in the nation, made laws, imposed taxes, and executed punishments. They worshipped in oak groves and regarded the oak with great veneration. Mistletoe found growing on an oak tree was cut, at Christmas time, by the priests with golden knives as an act of ceremony. (See page 77, line 890.)

Page 18, 20. **Acadian.** The country of Nova Scotia was called Acadia during the time when it was held by the French. The name, however, included New Brunswick and parts of Maine.

Page 19, 34. **Normandy.** The first Acadians were natives of Normandy and Burgundy in France.

Page 20, 49. **Angelus.** A prayer or devotion said morning, noon, and night. Longfellow means here the bell which is rung to announce the time of prayer.

Page 23, 93. **Wains.** Wagons.

94. **Seraglio.** The poet uses the word *seraglio*, which means the palace where the wives of Turkish noblemen are shut up, to give a vivid picture of the lordly turkey among the hens.

Page 26, 144. **Sunshine of Saint Eulalie.** A martyred saint of Barcelona, Spain. St. Eulalie's Day is the 12th of February. Sunshine at that time of the year was considered especially favorable to orchards.

Page 27, 149. **Scorpion.** One of the constellations on the imaginary belt in the heavens (the zodiac), in the middle of which is the path of the sun. The sun seems to enter Scorpion about October 23d.

159. **Summer of All-Saints.** Our "Indian summer," in the early part of October.

Page 28, 170. **Plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.** Herodotus says that the Persian ruler Xerxes in his expedition against Greece found a plane-tree so beautiful that he presented

it with golden ornaments, and put it under the care of one of his body-guard.

Page 33, 238. **Gaspereau** (găs pĕ rō′). A river flowing into the basin of Minas near Grand-Pré.

239. **What their design may be is unknown.** It was determined to keep the secret of their coming transportation from the Acadians until the last minute, for fear they would neglect or injure the harvest. The terms of the mandate were as follows: "We order and strictly enjoin all the inhabitants, both old men and young men, as well as all lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand-Pré, the fifth instant, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them."

249. **Beau Sejour** (bō sō zhōōr′). A French fort situated between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, built by the French to annoy the English settlers in Nova Scotia. The existence of this fort blocked land communication between the New England provinces and Nova Scotia. When the fort was captured by the English, three hundred Acadians were said to have been found among the garrison.

Port Royal. One of the first colonies founded (1604) by the French in Nova Scotia. In 1713 the English, having acquired Nova Scotia by treaty, changed the name of the town to Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne. One of the charges made against the Canadians was that they treacherously attacked the town in coöperation with the French.

Page 34, 260. **The merry lads . . . well.** As soon as a young Acadian arrived at the proper age for marriage, the community built him a house and supplied him with all the necessaries of life. There he received the partner he had chosen, who brought her portion in flocks.

263. **René Leblanc** (Rĕnā lē Blăn′). That the notary was actually named René Leblanc will be seen from this sentence in the petition of the Acadians to the king: "René Leblanc (our public notary) was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually traveling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty, after four years' captivity."

Page 36, 280. **Loup-garou.** According to an old superstition, a loup-garou, or were wolf, was a human being turned into a wolf while still retaining human intelligence.

281. **Goblin** (kobold). An industrious, kindly spirit, in old fairy tales, who was especially fond of taking care of horses, and very unwilling to be recognized or thanked.

282. **Letiche** (Lē tēsh′). According to the French peasants' stories, the soul of a child who has died unchristened appears at night in the form of a small animal as white as milk.

Page 37, 307. **Scales.** Justice is represented in art as holding a pair of scales, to show that every fact for and against an accused person will be carefully weighed. The sword in the other hand shows that the punishment for offenses will be keen and swift.

Page 42, 381. **Hagar.** In the Old Testament story, Sarah, Abraham's wife, drove Hagar, the Egyptian handmaid, and her son Ishmael away into the desert.

Page 46, 432. **You are convened this day,** etc. These are almost the exact words of part of the speech of General Winslow, the British commanding officer, to the Acadians, convened (assembled) in the church of Grand-Pré.

442. **Solstice.** The point at which the sun is farthest from the equator. The summer solstice begins June 21st; the winter, Dec. 21st.

Page 47, 456. **We never have sworn them allegiance.** At first when Acadia passed into the hands of the English, the Acadians were not forced to take the oath of allegiance to the English crown. Afterwards an oath was demanded, which, however, did not bind them to serve against their fellow countrymen. One of the reasons for the exile of the Acadians was that they refused to take the oath without this saving clause.

Page 49, 484. **Ave Maria.** A Latin prayer to the Virgin.

Page 58, 605. **Benedicite.** A Latin blessing or benediction.

615. **Titan-like stretches its hundred hands.** In the Greek legend, the Titans were huge giants, armed with rocks and trees, who made war on the gods on Olympus. One of the Titans, Briareus, is said to have had a hundred arms and fifty heads.

Page 59, 631. **Nebraska.** A river, rising in the Rocky Mountains and flowing through Wyoming and Nebraska.

Page 61, 657. **Without bell or book.** Without the rites of the church.

Page 62, 670. **Far asunder, on separate coasts.** Seven thousand of the inhabitants of Acadia were dispersed among the British colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay. Large numbers were sent to the southern colony of Georgia, from whence they endeavored to return, and by a long and dangerous coasting voyage had even reached New York or Boston, when they were compelled to give up their plans.

674. **Savannas.** Extensive plains of grass, affording pasturage in the rainy seasons.

675. **Father of Waters.** The Mississippi.

Page 64, 705. **Coureurs-des-Bois** (kōō′ rēr dā bwä). Literally, runners of the woods. This name was given by the French and Canadians to the hardy hunters and traders who traveled through the yet uncleared forests of colonial times.

Page 65, 707. **Voyageur** (vwä yä zhēr′). The voyageurs were generally French-Canadians who were employed by the Northwest and Hudson Bay Companies in transporting men and supplies between their various stations. This was done entirely by birch-bark canoes.

713. **Thou art too fair to be left to braid St Catherine's tresses.** To live unmarried.

Page 67, 750. **Acadian coast.** The coast at the mouth of the Mississippi. **Opelousas** is the old name for a part of Louisiana.

764. **Golden Coast.** The southern part of Louisiana, above Baton Rouge.

Page 69, 766. **Plaquemine** (plăk mēn′). A town on the west bank of the Mississippi. A bayou or creek runs westward from the Mississippi into the Atchafalaya River (l. 807). During the dry season, the streams of the Mississippi fall, and the Atchafalaya becomes a series of lakes instead of a river.

Page 70, 782. **Mimosa.** A plant often called the sensitive plant. At the slightest touch, the leaves will curl up tightly.

Page 76, 878. **Bacchantes** (bă kăn′ tēs). Priestesses of Bacchus, who, by wine and excitement, worked themselves into a frenzy at the festivals of the god.

Page 77, 890. **Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yuletide.** See the note on line 3, page 17.

Page 81, 952. **Adayes** (ä dä′ yēs). A town in northern Texas.

961. **Olympus.** A mountain in Greece, supposed to be the home of the gods.

Page 82, 970. **Ci-devant** (sē dē vähn′). The French for *former*.

Page 83, 984. **Natchitoches** (năch′ ē tŏsh). A town in Louisiana, on the Red River.

Page 86, 1033. **Carthusian.** The Carthusians are an order of monks.

Page 87, 1044. **Upharsin.** The Book of Daniel in the Old Testament describes how, while Belshazzar the king was feasting and drinking from the golden vessels taken from the temple in Jerusalem, a hand appeared on the wall and wrote the words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," which, as interpreted by Daniel, meant "destruction to Belshazzar."

Page 90, 1082–85. Evangeline journeys to the far west. **The Oregon** is the Columbia river. The **Owyhee** and **Walleway** are tributaries of the Oregon. The **Wind-river Mountains** are part of the Rocky Mountains. **Fontaine-qui-bout** (fon′ tān kē bo͞o) is a spring in Colorado.

1095. **Ishmael's children.** The ancient prophecy concerning the Ishmaelites, or the sons of Ishmael, was, "His hand will be against every man and every man's hand against him." Here the poet uses the name to mean the warlike tribes of Indians on the western plains.

Page 92, 1114. **Fata Morgana.** A mirage, or a misleading effect which makes travelers on deserts, plains, or ocean see distant objects as if they were very near. The mirage is called Fata Morgana because it was once supposed to be the work of the Fairy (fata) Morgana.

Page 93, 1139. **Mowis.** The story is as follows: A beautiful Indian maiden had by her sorcery cast an Indian brave into a wasting

sickness. The "Manito" (good spirit) of the warrior promised to avenge him. By his orders, the Indian made a suit of clothes from old rags, and richly adorned them with jewels. He then formed a human figure out of dried bones and refuse, bound together with snow. The Manito breathed life into this figure (Mowis) and brought him before the maiden. She at once fell in love with the stranger and married him. On the morning after the marriage-day the bridegroom rose early, and, taking his bows and arrows, told his wife that he was forced to set out on a long journey. She begged to be allowed to accompany him. After some attempts at dissuasion, he consented. They set out together, but she could not keep up with her husband's steps and soon lost sight of him. The sun rose, and the fierce heat melted the snow that bound Mowis together; the dry bones began to reappear, and then the form utterly disappeared. When the maiden realized that she had lost her lover, she lay down and died.

Page 95, 1167. **Mission.** The Jesuit priests were dauntless in their efforts to push into the wilderness and convert the Indians.

Page 99, 1226. **Asphodel.** The asphodel was supposed, by the ancient Greeks, to cover the broad fields of the future world. **Nepenthe** was any potion that had the power of dispelling pain and care.

Page 101, 1257. **Dryads.** Wood-nymphs, who made their homes in the trees. When a tree was cut down, the dryad who lived there died.

Page 106, 1326. **Christ Church.** An Episcopalian church in Philadelphia, where Franklin was buried.

Page 108, 1355. **Like the Hebrew.** Referring to the Bible story of the sprinkling of the doors with the blood of the lamb during the last plague in Egypt.

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